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*Alexander Valtman*

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1885. Jan. 9.

Grates:

England.”<sup>1</sup> After giving the date of the institution of the College by the General Court of Massachusetts as Oct. 28, 1636, the author proceeds to indorse a passage in a speech of Edward Everett, delivered at that famous commemoration of the two hundredth anniversary of the College, in 1836, which some gentlemen present may remember. Dr. Palfrey's words are, “That Massachusetts Assembly over which Henry Vane presided has been said to be the first body by which the people, by their representatives, ever gave their own money to found a place of education.” I am not, Sir, I confess, as enthusiastic an admirer of Sir Harry Vane as some members of this Society probably are; but it has always seemed to me one of the most interesting features of Vane's brief career in this country, that during the single year of his Governorship, and under his auspices, the College at Cambridge should have been instituted. I think we should be slow to permit this feather to be plucked from the cap of a man who went to the scaffold in the cause of civil and religious liberty. The last person to desire it would, I believe, have been John Harvard. We must each form our own conception of the character of a young man of whom we know so little and to whom we owe so much; but, for my own part, I like to picture Harvard as one who was not merely a lover of learning, but a lover of justice,—as one who, had he been present in the spirit, as perhaps he was, a few weeks ago, in Sanders Theatre, and had he possessed any means of intelligible manifestation, would have made haste, at the conclusion of the exercises, to do two things: First, to express his acknowledgments to all concerned in erecting the memorial,—to the eloquent and learned orator of the day (Dr. Ellis) in particular; and, second, to say to the assembled audience: “I am proud and happy that you consider me your founder,—and so I suppose I was, more than any one man,—but I am sorry the inscription on my statue should imply the slightest want of recognition of the fact that long before my death, before I had ever set foot on these shores, the magistrates of the Massachusetts Colony had taken formal steps to establish a seat of learning, to which they subsequently assigned my name.”<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Vol. i. p. 548.

<sup>2</sup> It is beyond question that in 1636 the General Court not only determined to establish a college, but actually made an appropriation of money towards it.

Mr. QUINCY then addressed the Society substantially in these words: —

I have brought with me this little book, which I present to the Society. Its interest is not very great, but it will give me the opportunity of saying some words which seem to be due to the memory of a remarkable man. These few pages of manuscript preserve an imperfect record of certain conversations with Alexandre Vattemare, or, to speak more correctly, of his part in those conversations. They were copied by a Boston lady—the late Mrs. B. D. Greene—from journals which she was about to destroy. It must be confessed that such traces of the nimble-minded Frenchman as are here to be found are somewhat meagre and disappointing. I had the privilege of knowing Mr. Vattemare when he was in this country, and later in my life I visited him at his house in Paris. And in that delightful home-circle—in which four generations were represented—I well remember the charm of his conversation. To a varied experience he added a despotic command over the accessories of speech. His countenance, which in repose was as sad as any human face I ever saw,

~~It is likewise unquestionable that in 1687 they designated a place at which the college should be located. It was to this institution, which he recognized as having been already created, that John Harvard bequeathed the half of his estate. These facts are plainly stated in the Harvard University Catalogue of the present year, on page 10:—~~

~~"HARVARD COLLEGE was founded in 1636, by a vote passed at an adjourned meeting (October 28, Old Style) of the General Court of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay which convened on September 8th of that year. The language of the vote was as follows:—~~

~~"The Court agree to give Four Hundred Pounds towards a School or College, whereof Two Hundred Pounds shall be paid the next year, and Two Hundred Pounds when the work is finished, and the next Court to appoint where and what building."~~

~~"The ensuing year (1637) the General Court appointed twelve of the most eminent men of the colony (among whom were John Cotton and John Winthrop) to take order for a college at Newtown." The name, 'Newtown,' was soon afterwards changed by the General Court to Cambridge, in recognition of the English University where many of the colonists had been educated.~~

~~"The following year (1638) John Harvard, a non-conforming clergyman of England, who had been in the colony about one year, died at Charlestown, leaving half of his whole property and his entire library (about 300 volumes) to the institution."~~

~~The Constitution of Massachusetts, framed in 1780, expressly declares that "our wise and pious ancestors, so early as the year one thousand six hundred and thirty-six, laid the foundation of HARVARD COLLEGE."—University Catalogue, p. 10.~~

would suddenly light up, and represent, by its exquisite mobility, the nice gradation of mirth, of reproach, or of sympathy which it was necessary to convey; and when his resources of facial expression seemed inadequate to illustrate the mastering sentiment, they would be assisted by gesticulation full of energy and grace. That bright, entertaining gossip, resulting from extensive travel and intimacy with the conspicuous personages of his time, was generally tethered in some way or other to the serious purpose of his life. No doubt Mr. Vattemare's decisions were often rough, and by no means closed the subject upon which they were uttered. He disclosed his passing feelings and opinions with utter frankness. Absorbed in his great work of diffusing knowledge among the nations, he would wear his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at,—a circumstance which the daws, as their nature is, did not leave unnoticed. Report our unguarded talk, and the best of us are vulnerable. The winged sentences of this man would be likely to fly through the nets of any reporter, were they set never so deftly; and such stragglers as might be caught would fail to convey the true emphasis of his discourse. It is perhaps doubtful whether reminiscences of conversation ought to be preserved. We can never supply the social medium in which the dead words were once alive and penetrative; the reader may easily receive a false impression as he hurries over them. So much it seems well to say before resigning this manuscript to such fate as shall befall it: I venture to hope that it will not be printed.

And now what claims has Mr. Vattemare to the notice of a society pledged to the right reading of Massachusetts history? I think they are these: First, to him, more than to any other man, we owe the foundation of the great public library which is the pride of this city. Second, his brilliant life-work—of which this was but one of the beneficent results—has been obscured by vague and irresponsible innuendo. His name has been associated, if not with actual reproach, at least with a slur of interrogation, the justice of which I emphatically deny. As testimony to the existence of these shadows of depreciation which have beclouded the name of Alexandre Vattemare, I cannot do better than quote an admirable summary of a portion of his achievements given by Mr. Justin Winsor in the "Memorial History of Boston."



"Whatever we think of Vattemare, *whether we call him an enthusiast or something worse or better*, we must recognize his contagious energy, which induced State after State to succumb to his representations, so that by 1853 he had brought one hundred and thirty libraries and institutions within his operations, and between 1847 and 1851 had brought from France for American libraries 30,655 volumes, besides maps, engravings, etc."<sup>1</sup>

This is truly a record of brilliant achievement; one going far to justify the prophecy of our minister to France, Mr. Cass, that Alexandre Vattemare would be "ranked among the benefactors of mankind, and like them be rewarded with universal esteem." But why the non-committalism of judgment contained in the words which I have emphasized? Before attempting to answer the question, let me say that I have no reflection to make upon the historian for writing just as he did. He implies, in language properly cautious and reserved, the existence of a fog of suspicion which somehow had come to obscure the outline of an heroic figure. It certainly had obscured it; and Mr. Winsor is not to be blamed for hinting at the fact.

After such inquiry as I have been able to make I can discover but two sources whence may have come a chill upon that cordial recognition of a useful career which was emphatically its due. I will mention them in the inverse order of their importance.

At the close of our civil war Mr. Hypolite Vattemare wished to carry on the system for the international exchange of books which his father had so successfully inaugurated. But it was soon rumored that this gentleman had been one of the writers upon American affairs for the "*Patrie*," a journal bitterly hostile to the preservation of the Union. Mr. F. W. Seward, representing the State Department, commented upon this intelligence with an asperity which was as natural as its implied deductions were inconsequential. Negotiations were abruptly closed; and at that time it doubtless happened that the well-earned fame of the elder Vattemare suffered some eclipse before a nation to whose service he had been especially devoted. This was probably one of the causes — although here in Boston it was certainly the least important cause — of the misjudgment to which allusion has been made.

<sup>1</sup> Memorial History of Boston, vol. iv. p. 226, note.

There was a voice which many years ago proceeded out of a once influential nucleus of opinion in this city, and that voice was understood, upon some occasion or other, to have pronounced Mr. Vattemare a charlatan. I shall not try to individualize this astonishing utterance. It is sufficient to say that it was one of quite a number of hasty judgments which came from a small circle of considerable pretension—and, in many respects, of eminent desert—to which the late Mr. Thomas B. Curtis gave a designation of some felicity. He used to distinguish this core and centre of intellectual Boston from its more or less vulgar outlying dependencies under the title of “Boston Proper.” In topography the term is familiar enough: the humor lay in the new meaning put into it by a slightly sarcastic emphasis which I cannot hope to imitate successfully. And truly in those good old days—back some thirty or forty years in the past—there was a Boston within Boston, cultured, moral, conservative, and—*proper*. I feel great tenderness for this dead Boston proper. I was brought up in it—or, I might more modestly say, on the outskirts of it—and should like nothing better than to chronicle its many virtues, of which I am fully conscious. It had provincial characteristics, good as well as bad, and it is to our loss that we have fallen away from some of its standards of living. Nevertheless, there was in it a certain narrowness of perception, which could not easily admit the merit of contemporary character which influenced the world outside its own very respectable boundaries. It was apt to take its own notions of what was proper as a criterion for the rest of mankind; it would in all honesty say its Sunday prayer “for all sorts and conditions of men,” but found some difficulty in a week-day effort to understand them and to do them justice. I do not care to repeat the grotesque decisions which, when a boy, I remember to have heard its oracular voices utter concerning Ralph Waldo Emerson, then in the earlier part of his career. Neither is there need of recalling the indiscriminating epithets which I have heard those same voices apply—I will not say to men of aggressive personality like Garrison and Theodore Parker, but to prominent members of the old Free Soil party; some of them members, perhaps, of this very reputable Society, whose names it will be better taste in me not to mention. We smile in recalling these foolish judgments. The worthy citi-

zens alluded to have gone in and out before us for a generation since those grievous misapprehensions were uttered. They have hosts of friends eager to report them and their cause aright to the unsatisfied. Biographies are not, or will not be, wanting to throw the most favorable light upon whatever they did that was good, and to conceal in graceful shadow such human frailties as they did not escape. What do we care for some evil name that this prejudiced Boston proper may once have flung at them? It did not stick. In the case of Mr. Vattermare it did stick. He was a foreigner, one of a nation always under suspicion of revolutionary vehemence; his methods were not in accordance with the sober movements dear to the Anglo-Saxon temperament; he left among us no band of champions bound by every social and family tie to do him justice; and so it came to pass that the hasty word of disparagement which was cast at him left a mark which is not yet effaced.

Before passing from the subject I think it right to mention — though surely not to press — a suggestion which has been made as having had something to do with the obscurization which has befallen Mr. Vattermare's good name. The parable tells us that the men who were called earliest into the vineyard begrudged an equal payment to those whose work began at the eleventh hour. The complaint is characteristic of human nature; and a yet darker termination of the story would not discredit it as a picture of what might be in the heart of man. How if some laborer called into the vineyard in the cool of the evening, in order to magnify the importance of his own service, had been tempted to deny even an equal recompense to the toiler who had borne the burden and the heat of the day! Some suggestion equivalent to this has, in other years, been made by the friends of Mr. Vattermare, who were puzzled to account for the scant justice which has been done him. But such an explanation is unnecessary, and, in view of our inability to unravel the complexity of human motives, should not be hastily adopted.

I now come to the pleasanter duty of saying something about the man. Alexandre Vattermare was born in Paris near the close of the last century. In 1814, when still a youth, his acquaintance with surgery — for which profession he was studying — caused him to be placed in charge of several hundred

Prussian soldiers, and he was subsequently selected to accompany them to Berlin. Here some political movements resulted in his detention as a prisoner of war. While in captivity he amused himself by exercising his power of ventriloquism at the expense of the commandant and other officers, frightening them with strange noises, which they regarded as supernatural. It was by the advice of one of the military gentlemen thus befooled that he determined to use his remarkable powers as a means of support. At least this was Mr. Vattemare's account, so far as it is preserved in this record of conversations, though I have elsewhere seen the statement that a desire to relieve the wants of a French family of utter strangers to him was a potent factor in shaping his career.

Mr. Winsor gives Mr. Vattemare's bread-winning profession as that of a conjurer. The word is certainly misleading. He is better described as an actor, or personator, of very uncommon powers. Had he been associated with a metropolitan stage and performed single parts in the plays there represented, his fame would undoubtedly have passed into literature like that of Garrick or Talma. But Alexandre — for under that name Vattemare exercised his art — was something more than what is now called a star actor; he was also a supporting company. He was the creator of a delightful form of entertainment which the elder Mathews afterwards imitated with considerable success. He had been known to represent no less than forty-four characters in a single evening, giving to each a distinct individuality. The testimony of Sir Walter Scott, and others of critical eminence, to the extraordinary personations and transformations of this man account for the crowds that flocked to his entertainments. Before 1819 the fame of the wonderful Alexandre had extended through Germany and Austria, and penetrated to Hungary and Poland. After a visit to the Netherlands he proceeded to Great Britain, where ample harvests of renown and profit awaited him. During his travels Vattemare had been received and fêted by three emperors and by quite a rabble of kings. He had also won the friendship of many of the most distinguished men and women of the time, as the collection of letters which he called his *Album Cosmopolite* abundantly showed. His receipts were enormous, and his charities were in proportion to them. In Dublin alone his donations to public uses are said to have exceeded a thousand

pounds. Of the one hundred thousand rubles received for a visit to St. Petersburg, one half was given to the inhabitants of a Russian town that was destroyed by fire. But soon a larger charity than could be wrought by generous gifts of money began to occupy the attention of this much-followed performer.

In every city he visited, Mr. Vattemare's tastes would lead him to the libraries; and I have heard him describe the feelings that came over him upon seeing books piled together, or glued to their shelves as if under the spell of some malign enchantment, while all about them were ignorance and apathy. The libraries in the European capitals were, to be sure, nominally free; but the cataloguing was very imperfect, and red tape often held their doors against the people as securely as iron bars. There were small facilities for acquiring new books, and the subjects treated in the old ones had very little to do with the life that was then being lived. There were huge volumes devoted to controversial theology or to the discussion of insoluble transcendental problems; there was a great deal that concerned the Greeks and the Romans, but which had no special bearing upon questions which modern men must answer, or perish. And as the popular actor wandered among those lonely alcoves, there was flashed upon him what the next advance in civilization ought to be. The dumb oracles must be made to speak. The stagnant reservoirs of the past must be filled from the living fountains of the present, and the masses invited to quench their thirst. Was not this a sound conclusion? If we could transport ourselves back sixty years into the past, we should have no doubt that this was the work of practical utility next in order to be done. And a man had been found to do it, — one ready to resign the flatteries and the luxuries which fortune was heaping upon him, and to go forth as a knight-errant in the cause of the intellectual emancipation of the people.

About the year 1827 Mr. Vattemare began to devote his time, energy, and property to the introduction of his system of the international exchange of books, and, incidentally, of any products of nature or human skill which might increase knowledge in science or art. To borrow the language of its author, the system was "designed to give the intellectual treasures of the cultivated world the same dissemination and equali-

zation which commerce has already given to its material ones ; " and the outcome was to be " the establishment in every quarter of the world of free public libraries and museums ever open to the use of the people." A just estimate of his plan of procedure is scarcely to be had from our present position. One of the best tests of its excellence is the fact that the popularization of libraries, which it was its object to promote, has rendered its continuance unnecessary. The fresh thought and invention of the nations is now open to all as a matter of course. It was the merit of Vattemare to create a sentiment that has caused methods which were once the best to be superseded by those which are still better. Success in amusing the public was now used simply as a means towards accomplishing the end he had in view. To adopt his own expression as preserved in these records, " When Vattemare failed to interest the attention, or gain admission to important personages, Alexandre took his place and carried the day."

The labors of twelve years, pursued, in the words of Arago, " with a generosity almost unparalleled in modern times," were abundantly successful in introducing the system of international exchanges throughout Europe. And then was undertaken that mission to America which Lafayette had so strongly urged. In 1839 Mr. Vattemare landed in New York. " My first sentiments," he says, " were those of despair, for I found no institutions like our own open to the public, and therefore no means of laying the treasures which I proposed to bring into the United States before the people." Happily the despair was only momentary. If there was more work to be done, he would make further draughts upon his indomitable energy and do it. He must not only bring books for the people, but must create free libraries to put them in. This is not the place to detail the tireless labors by which his plans were developed and brought to the attention of those who had the power to further them. They were finally indorsed by both Houses of Congress, as well as by the legislatures of some of the States. Many of the most eminent men of the country became his friends, and gave efficient aid in carrying out his work. It is with regret that I pass over the interesting incidents of Mr. Vattemare's career in America, and limit myself to what he did in Boston towards the foundation of the municipal library which our citizens now enjoy.

On the 5th of May, 1841, a meeting was held in this city to take into consideration the plans for popularizing knowledge advocated by this ardent Frenchman. He urged the creation of an institution embracing within itself the existing libraries and the collections of scattered societies. An excellent committee was appointed who should make a serious attempt to carry out Mr. Vattemare's idea of a great library free to all the people. "The author of this plan," said the committee, "unfolded it with a minuteness of detail, both in regard to itself and to its results, which showed the meeting how deeply in earnest he was, and how easy he thought it would be to carry it into the fullest effect." Notwithstanding the labors of the gentlemen he had interested, it was found that the liberal views of our visitor could not then be realized. It was the old story of jealousy, and unwillingness or inability to co-operate on the part of those whom circumstances had placed in positions of authority. But repulse came to a man who was hardened to it, and who would cling all the more tenaciously to an idea with which his personality had become identified. After six more years of unremitted effort for the diffusion of knowledge, Mr. Vattemare returned to Boston, and succeeded in establishing the free public library that he was determined that we should have.

"The foundation of the noble municipal library which now adorns the city of Boston," writes Mr. Edward Edwards in his "History of Free Town Libraries," "may be traced to the year 1847 as the date of its virtual commencement, although for more than three years after that date the initiatory steps were not very actively or successfully followed up." Chief among these initiatory steps, which the historian truly declares founded the library, was that taken by Alexandre Vattemare, who brought a valuable collection of books from the city of Paris, and made an urgent appeal to the municipal authorities to take immediate measures for the establishment of the free library which should adorn Boston. He told them, with the sublime assurance of a prophet, that then was the accepted time; the books received from France must be made the nucleus of a great public institution. During his visits to Boston in 1847 and 1848 the idea of establishing a free library in this city seemed to pervade him even to his fingers' ends. He followed it up with a vehemence which might well startle the guardians

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of the sluggish proprietries. He pursued the Mayor with visits and by correspondence; he wrought upon that functionary to make a conditional offer of \$5,000 towards providing books for the library, and to see that a petition was sent to the legislature for permission to levy taxes for its support. It was upon the legislative act of 1848, obtained by the persistent zeal of Mr. Vattemare, that the superstructure of our public library has been reared. It was that room in City Hall, set apart to receive the books he generously brought us, which gave it a local habitation and a name.

Is it said that the initial offering of Mr. Vattemare seems insignificant when compared with the gifts of money or of service which afterwards built up the library? It is insignificant as the bequest of John Harvard is insignificant when placed beside those costly benefactions which have made his College what it is to-day. Both these men gave at the right moment, and without them the dates of the foundations of beneficent institutions would be other than they are. But the outcome of an exuberant and devoted life is not to be compared with any dead man's legacy, however opportunely it may have been received. Neither can we measure our obligations to Mr. Vattemare by the time he spent in this city, nor by the energy he gave to the furtherance of our special work. Human words are something more than articulate sounds equal each to the other: the right man must speak them if they are to liberate pent-up forces. We can estimate the worth of that initiatory impulse only by remembering the long years of labor which had preceded it. A past generation was constrained to listen to this Frenchman because he bore the indorsements of distinguished men both in Europe and America,—men whose indorsements were to be gained only by eminent desert.

No past depreciation of Mr. Vattemare should tempt us to speak of him otherwise than justly. It is not to be denied that certain epithets which, as commonly used, are not commendatory, might be applied to him. Perhaps some gentleman here present may tell us that he met Mr. Vattemare when in this country, and that he impressed him as an egotist and an enthusiast. I must admit the egotism, and will only plead in extenuation that the stage-performer who can give the public supreme delight has a tendency to self-appreciation



which, if not necessitated by the molecular construction of his nervous system, is forced upon him by his exceptional environment. He is followed by admiring crowds wherever he goes; wealth and flattery are poured upon him; his society is sought, not only by royalty and nobility, but by contemporaries deservedly famous in the different spheres of human action. Almost of necessity, I say, such a man must think too highly of his own consequence. We do not expect him to conceive the cosmos comprehensively or with critical accuracy; no one doubts that he will place himself somewhat too near the centre of it. We have reason to be satisfied if men possessing this perilous endowment lead an outwardly respectable life, talk on the whole virtuously to their numerous interviewers, and occasionally give some popular charity the lift of a benefit. The comic actor, in the prologue of Goethe's immortal drama, excuses himself for caring about posterity, seeing that he has business enough in looking after contemporary fun. To most men the excuse would seem sufficient; to Mr. Vattemare it was not sufficient. His success in making contemporary fun was valued only because it placed him in a position to devote his life to the useful service of the world. What other successful actor can be mentioned who so regarded his opportunities of money-getting and of admission to courtly and gracious companies? But Mr. Vattemare has been called an enthusiast. If he is rightly described by the word, it must be used in its original signification, as one who acts under the constraint of the universal spirit which concerns itself with the whole. There is a meaning, more common in English speech, which implies a man of little judgment who throws himself away in pursuing impracticable Utopias. If the word is used in this sense, Mr. Vattemare is the last man it correctly describes. He proclaimed a true social want. Given a civilization based upon human knowledge and which had reached a certain point, he told men the next thing to be done, and proved his foresight by doing it. Enthusiasts such as he move the world; without them we should be repeating the life of the dark ages, or perhaps that of the cave men.

And here it will not be out of place to mention Mr. Vattemare's views upon a matter that has lately been somewhat discussed. Since the general establishment of free libraries, there have arisen questions touching their proper function.

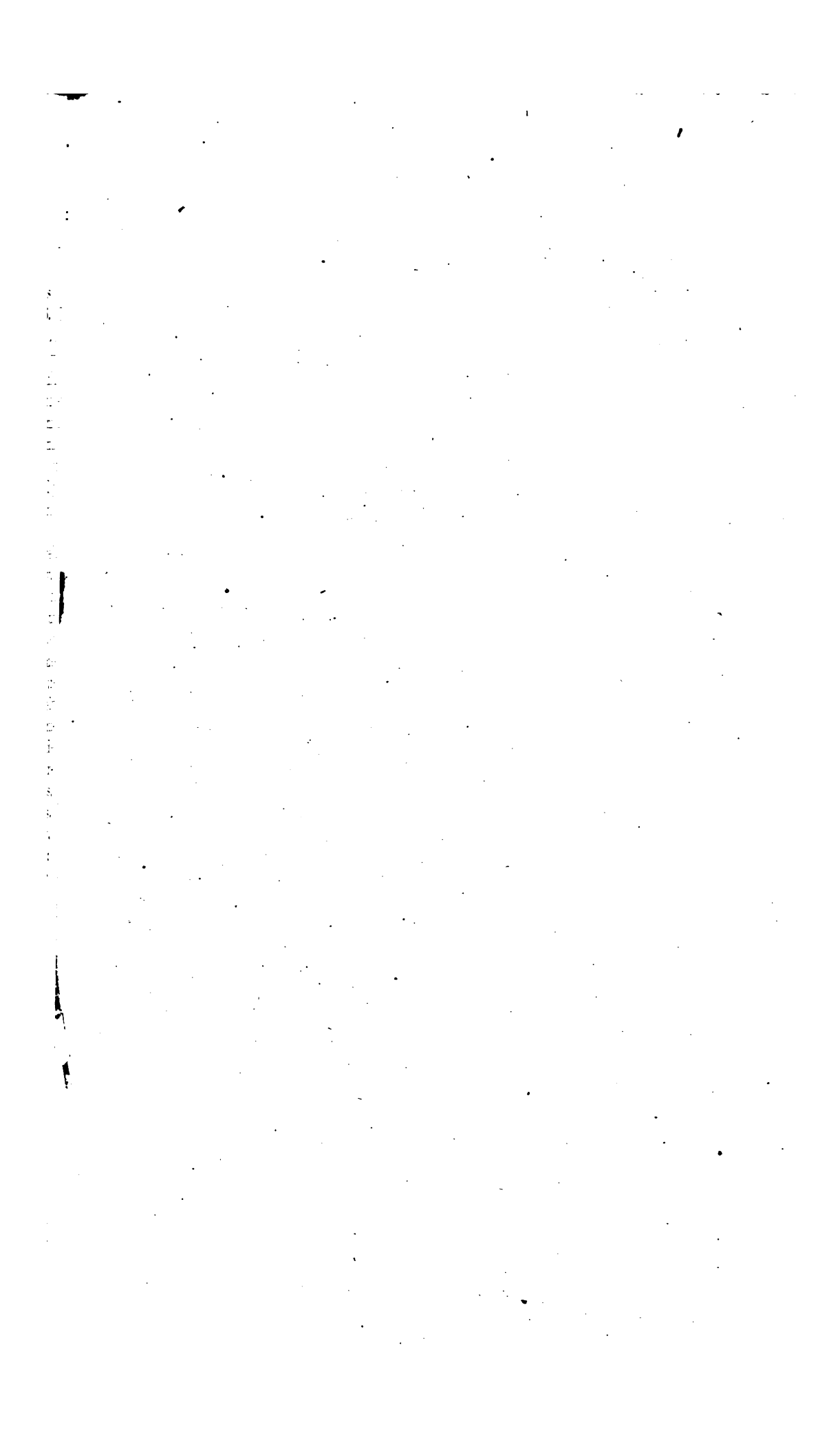
Should they supply ephemeral works of fiction, seasoned, many of them, to gratify a morbid appetite, and giving false ideas of the conditions of human life and the requirements of duty? Above all, what are we to say to a State which postulates in its constitution the existence of a Supreme Being, to whom man is accountable, and bases its apparatus for maintaining justice upon this assertion, and then proceeds to tax its citizens, that the mass of the people, including the young and inexperienced, may be provided with speciously written books which deny this primal affirmation? I know the difficulty of drawing dividing lines. It would always have been very hard; now I hold it to be impossible. Democracy takes no backward step; it will never give up a concession. If we have gained wisdom through experience, we are wise, as the saying goes, after the event. Mr. Vattemare was wise before the event. The books which he devoted his life to bring to the doors of the people should contain profitable knowledge: they must be edifying; they must tend to build up good citizens. And so, when the authors of France offered him copies of their works to bring to America, he declined some of them as writings which free libraries were under no obligation to provide; among those declined were certain books by the most popular writers of their time. Mr. Vattemare may have shown his own limitation in some of these judgments; I am not concerned to defend them as always correct. But, allowing for what the astronomers call the personal error, the instinct behind it was worthy of respect. And when, years ago, we decided that another impost should be laid upon our heavily taxed citizens to the end that in all our towns the boys and girls as they left the free schools might be provided with free libraries,—when we were about to establish the traditions of institutions then in embryo,—we may well raise the question whether they would not have been higher educational agencies, had we adopted Mr. Vattemare's view of the true purpose of their existence.

I have confined myself to a notice of those parts of Mr. Vattemare's career which may claim the recognition of this Society. Of the work he did in Europe, this is not the occasion to speak. His love for America was unbounded, and his zeal in our service often put to shame that of our

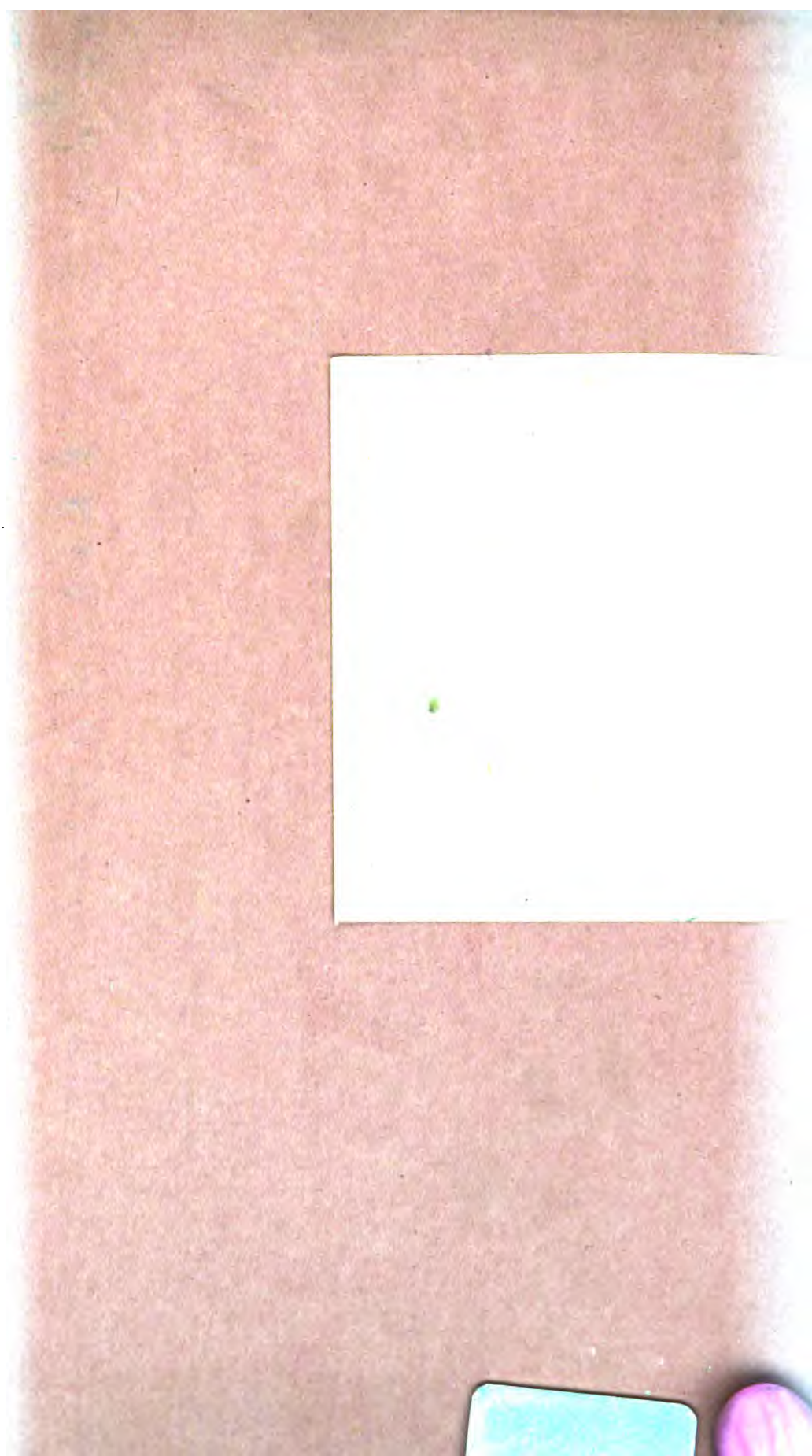
paid officials. It was owing to his exertions that this country was represented in the French Exhibition of 1856. The flag of every nation in Europe was to float over that beautiful building; and he declared, with that wonderful energy which made light of obstacles, that the stars and stripes should be displayed there also. The show that he conjured into existence was meagre enough, and provoked a smile from his transatlantic friends. "Ah, you may laugh at my exhibition," exclaimed Mr. Vattemare, with the exultant glee of a school-boy; "but it has put your good flag up aloft, and you will see it will win for you some medals and honorable mentions!"

The muse of History has sometimes been described as prejudiced and purchasable; but the sub-muse of Local History, if mythology may be enriched with such a personage, is far more open to such accusations. She approaches the urn under strong social and pecuniary bias, and often draws out singular names to receive our homage. If one of the names therein contained is that of a foreigner, she is pretty sure not to find it. And what does it matter? Nothing surely to Alexandre Vattemare; something, perhaps, to the community which overlooks his services, and cares not if a shade of unjust suspicion has come to rest upon his name. Nevertheless, this rare type of man is as worthy of study — yes, and of admiration — as any book that he ever brought us. He seems to me a figure well-nigh unique. An enthusiast, if you will, but one whose head was never in the clouds; one who would feed his fellows with wholesome food, never with wild theories, exaggerations, and unrealities. He was clear-sighted as well as unselfish, and so devoted his life to the diffusion of that higher human experience which differentiates civilized man from the savage and the brute.

~~Judge CHAMBERLAIN referred to the alleged signing of the Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776, and gave some reasons for his conclusion that the printed Public Journal of Congress, so far as it relates to that event, is untrustworthy. This paper, which he communicated by title only, proclaims no new discovery. The subject, he said, has been often discussed, and the facts relating to it have been publicly stated. Yet the old error prevails, and has been repeated by writers~~







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